

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
 Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
 Restored me, loved me, put me on a par
 With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
 The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
 Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
 Might smile upon another half as great.
 He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
 Go: and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
 The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
 And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts! Cried the friend. He took; and holding it
 High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
 Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jaffar."

Leigh Hunt

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

[On a December day in 1816 Leigh Hunt suggested to his friend and brother-poet, John Keats, that to his friend and write, "then, there, and to time," a sonnet on the Grasshopper and the Cricket. The following are the poems that they wrote.]

I

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
 Catching your heart up at feel of June,
 Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
 When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;